

M^r Henry Purcell, and sold at most Musick shops in town [1696]

*Tw'as within a furlong of Edenborough town, In the rosie time of Year when the
grass was down, Bonny Jockey blith and gay, Said to Lenny making hay, lett's sitt a little
dear and prattle, tis a sultry day; He long had courted the blak browd maid, but Jockey
was a wag And would nere consent to wed, Which made her pish, and sho, And cry it will
not do, I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle too.*

*He told her marriage was grown a mere Ioke,
And that no owne wedid now but the scowndrell foks,
Yet my dear you shoud prevaile, But I know not what I aile,
I shall dream of dogs, and silly dogs, with Bottles at their tailer
But I'll give thee gloves, and a bongrace to ware,
And a pritty silly foal'd to ride out and take the aire,
If thou nere will pish, and sho, and cry out it shall not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle too.*

*That you will give me trinklets cry'd shue, I belive,
But ah what in return must your poore Lenny give,
When my Maiden treasure's gon, I mun gang to London town,
And rore and rant, and patch and paint, & kiss for half a crown,
Each drunken bully oblige for pay,
And earn a hated liveing, an odious fulls om way,
No, no, it nare shall do, for a wife I'll bee to you,
Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle too.*

